



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

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### SELECT TALES.

#### Mildred Pemberton.

BY MISS LONDON.

I NEVER saw a girl for whom the epithet lovely seemed so completely suited as Mildred Pemberton; she was made up of all bright colors.—Her lip was of the most vivid scarlet, her cheek of the warmest rose, her eyes of that violet blue so rarely seen except in a child, and her skin of a dazzling white, so transparent that the azure veins in her temples seemed almost as blue as her eyes. Her hair curled naturally; no poetical simile ever went beyond the truth of its brightness. Gold, sunshine, &c. were the only comparisons of those glossy ringlets. When she was two-and-twenty she scarcely looked sixteen, and her manners were as childish as her face and figure. She was guileless, enthusiastic and sensitive, too ignorant in every way both of books and things perhaps to be called clever, but she had in herself all the materials for becoming so; with that quick perception which the imagination always gives, and the energy which is the groundwork of all excellence.

Sir Henry Pemberton, her father, was a severe man, and it was said that a young and beautiful wife had withered in the ungenial atmosphere of his cold, stern temper.

Only that Englishmen have a traveling mania, and the more comfortable they are at home, the less they can abide to stay there, no one could have accounted for Sir Henry's coming to Rome. He cared nothing for the fine arts. I doubt whether the finest music would have wrung from him more than Dr. Johnson's ejaculation, when the difficulty of some celebrated overture was dwelt upon, 'Difficult—I wish it were impossible.' I never heard him make but one remark on painting, namely, 'wonder that people should go to so much trouble and expense to have that on canvass, which they see better in the streets any day.' For antiquities he had no taste, and society he positively disliked.

His daughter, however, had his share of enjoyment and her own too—she was delight-

ed with every thing. The poetry of her nature was called forth by the poetical atmosphere of Rome—She had that peculiar organization, on which music has an influence like 'the enchanter's wand;' while Corinne and Chateaubriand had already excited all her sympathies for 'the world of ashes at her feet.' But, after seeing her at the Spanish ambassador's ball dancing with the young Count Arrezi, I was persuaded that the fair English girl was investing all things around her with that poetry which the heart flings over the common places of life once, 'and once only.'

A night or two afterwards—for we both lived in the Piazza di Spagna—I heard the chords of a guitar accompanying a song from 'Metastasee;' I also heard a window unclose, and then came a few extempore stanzas in honor of a certain wreath of flowers which I took for granted were thrown down into the street. Now a guitar, a cloak, moonlight, and a handsome cavalier, what nature—at least what feminine nature could resist them? Accustomed to the seclusion of a country-seat, or the small coterie of a country-town, where her taste, feeling and fancy alike were dormant, the effect of Rome on Mildred Pemberton was like a sudden introduction into fairy land. Her eyes and senses were alike fascinated—she lived in a dream of realized poetry. Love and youth are ever companions, and Mildred was no exception to the general rule. But hers was one of those natures which love affects the most intensely—it was, indeed,

'The worship, the heart lifts on high,  
And the heavens reject not.'

For such is the emanation of all that is most elevated and unselfish in our nature. On this subject any general rule is impossible; love like the chameleon is colored by the air in which it lives; and the finer the air the richer the color. Some young ladies have a happy facility of falling in and out of love; their heart, like a raspberry tart, is covered with crosses. But Mildred was too sensitive and too ideal for these 'light summer fancies.' Her affection was her destiny, and

she loved the young Italian with the devotion and depth of a love that was half poetry. I never saw a handsomer couple—such perfect representatives of the north and south; she, fair as that sweetest of roses, the one called the maiden's blush—and he of that rich dark olive, which suits so well with the high Roman features.

There are always plenty of people to talk of what does not concern them, and a love affair would seem to be every body's business; precisely because it is one of all others, with which they have the least to do.

At last the affair reached Sir Henry's ears, and he was as furious as any father in a romance of four volumes; bread and water, and to be locked up for life, were among the least of his menaces. I believe he thought himself merciful because they were the only ones that he actually inflicted. He was wrong, as are all who rouse the passive resistance of a woman's nature. The indignity and violence with which she was treated only made her turn more fondly to the shelter of the loving heart she believed was so truly her own. Kindness might have brought her to her father's feet ready to give up her dearest hopes for his sake; but his harsh anger only made her tremble at the hopeless future.

There was also another motive which strengthened her resolution; she had become secretly attached to the Catholic faith, and like all young converts, was enthusiastic in her belief. Love might have something to do with the conversion. Sir Henry said that it had done all the mischief; but Mildred at all events believed, that even had the Count d'Arrezi been out of the question, her vocation would have been the same, still she felt happy in the idea of their mutual conviction.

Well, one moonlight night a closely-shrouded couple were seen gliding across the Piazza di Spagna. The fountain's low and melancholy singing was the only sound, and the moon shone full on the magnificent flight of steps which led to the convent Trinita de Monti. The stately domes shone like silver in the lovely night, and Mildred ascended the vast steps with the buoyant feet of hope as

she gazed upon them. They pointed out her place of refuge, and she was conducted by Arrezi. Gradually as she ascended, the singing of the fountain died away in the distance, but a still sweeter song arose on the air.—The nuns were at vespers, and the solemn chant pierced even the huge walls by which they were surrounded. Mildred clung to her lover's arm as they paused before the gates; she started at the deep sound of the bell, which announced their arrival—it struck like a knell on her heart. Her appearance was expected, and she was conducted to the Abbess at once; a tall, stately woman, but one whose sad brow and cheek worn before its time, told that suffering and sorrow had preceded the quiet of the cloister.

It was with strange feelings that Mildred laid down on the little pallet appointed her. The room was small and lofty, apparently partitioned off from one of larger size, for the height was quite disproportionate, and the walls were covered with huge frescos, containing passages from the Holy Scriptures; these were abruptly terminated by a dark, carved wainscoting that stretched on one side.

The apartment was singularly gloomy, and the subject of the fresco served any thing but to relieve it—it represented the murder of the Innocents. Not a horror was spared; here a pale, wild looking woman struggled, but vainly, with the ruffian who could only reach her child thro' herself; another was flying, but the infant in her arms wore the livid hues of death. To the left a female, whose high and Jewish but handsome features were well suited to the expression of a Judith or a Jared—stood with her arm raised, and her mouth convulsed with the blending of agony and prophecy—apparently in the act of cursing; but the most touching figure of all was a woman kneeling by the bodies of two children, twisted in each other's arms and pierced by the same blow. There was such a fixed look of intense despair in the large tearless eyes, such a stupidity of horror in the set and rigid face—as if every consciousness was gone but that of horror; the eyes of Mildred were riveted upon it. The thought of how strong a parent's affection must be, rose in her mind, and at that moment she reproached herself for having left her father; then the terror of his anger, mingled with tenderness for her lover, combated her regret. 'Oh! that my mother,' exclaimed she, throwing herself on the rude pallet below, 'had lived to counsel and to love me!' And the image of that pale lady seated lonely in her dressing-room, to which she was confined for months before she died, hardened Mildred's heart against her father. She was a little creature of some six years old when lady Pemberton died; but her wan and lovely countenance, her sweet, sad voice, the tears

that rose so often unbidden to her faint blue eyes, were to her child as things of yesterday.

At length she slept; but the tears were yet glittering on the long eye-lashes when the first rosy gleam of day-break awakened; she started with that half recollection which attends our first confused arousing—she wondered where she was; the events of the preceding night flashed upon her—she trembled as she thought of the irrevocable step she had taken. The cross was hung at the foot of the pallet, and she flung herself on her knees before it, and a more fervent and unselfish prayer never yet arose to that heaven, where alone is pity and pardon.

Her devotions over, she approached the window, and the calm and lovely scene gave its own cheerfulness—the crimson blush of the day-break was melting around the spires that gleamed on high, and long, soft shadows fell from the ilex and cypress, whose huge size attested the long seclusion of the convent garden. The distant murmur of the little fountain, was only broken by the rustle of the birds amid the leaves, the early chirp of the cicada in the long grass beneath; Mildred felt soothed and cheered, it is so impossible for youth to resist the influence of morning.

Sir Henry was wild with rage when he heard of his daughter's flight. He challenged the count who refused to meet the father of his future wife. Next he bent all his efforts towards the recovery of Miss Pemberton; a direct application was made to the Pope that forcible means might be used for her restoration, and was refused.—Miss Pemberton was of age, and the church would not refuse its protection to one about to become a member of its flock.

On receiving this answer, Sir Henry made immediately preparations for leaving Rome; but the morning of his departure he sent for the Count Arrezi. The lover obeyed the summons; on his arrival he found Sir Henry pale with suppressed rage, and pacing the hall, at whose entrance the traveling carriage was waiting. Arrezi was somewhat staggered to perceive these signs of actual departure—however, he entered, and was received by his intended father-in-law with a polite bow.

'I have many apologies to make,' said the baronet, with a manner studiously courteous, 'for giving you this trouble—but I wished to send by you a message to Miss Pemberton. You understand English, I believe, or my servant can interpret for me.'

'I understand ver vel,' said the Count; 'shall be too happy to take von message.'

'Well then, sir,' continued his companion, 'you will inform Miss Pemberton that she is entitled to one hundred a year left her by her aunt, and that this will be punctually paid in to Torloni's; beyond this she is not to expect

a shilling from me. I leave Rome to-day; I will never see her again—never permit her name to be mentioned in my presence. My property will go to my nephew—and all I shall ever leave her shall be my curse.' So saying, Sir Henry passed the Italian with a low bow, and entered his carriage.

'Holy Saints!' exclaimed the count in Italian, catching hold of the servant, 'he cannot mean what he says?'

'If you knew Sir Henry as well as I do,' replied the man, 'you would not doubt it,' and he hurried after his master.

The count stopped as if the carriage was Medusa's head, 'a hundred a year!' muttered he; 'why my mustachios are well worth that!'

He returned to his house, smoked two cigars, and then repairing to the Convent della Trinita, requested to see the Abbess.

'Madam,' said he as soon as the stately Superior had taken her seat in the large arm chair, 'there are some unpleasant affairs which are best settled through the intervention of a third person. Will you inform Miss Pemberton that I have seen Sir Henry this morning, who has left Rome, and that he desires me to let her know that the one hundred a year which she inherits will be punctually paid in to Torloni's; but that for himself she must never expect a shilling; he will leave her nothing but his curse. 'To that,' continued the count, with his most melodramatic air, 'I will not expose her; I sacrifice myself, and leave Rome to-night. Will you tell her this and spare both the unutterable agony of farewell?'

'You will excuse my undertaking any such mission,' replied the Superior, fixing on him the dark and flashing eyes, beneath whose scorn Arrezi felt himself quail for the moment; 'you will say what you think proper to the English signora yourself.' So saying, she rang the silver bell on the table beside, whose summons was instantly obeyed by a novice, and Miss Pemberton's presence was requested in the parlor. The Abbess averted her face and took up her beads, and the Count was left standing by the window to arrange the coming conversation as he might.

A light step was soon heard, and Mildred Pemberton came in, looking lovelier in the simple conventual garb than ever she had done with the aid of dress; the folds only fastened in at the waist, suited her childish figure.—The pure white of the veil was scarcely to be discerned from the pure white of the skin; the single braid of gold on either side of her forehead betrayed how rich the hair was that lay concealed—and the small features gave something of the innocence of infancy to her face—a bright blush crimsoned her face as she entered, too shy to extend the little hand to her lover which trembled at her side.



'My angel,' said the Count, dropping on one knee, 'I have seen your father this morning.' Mildred turned deadly pale. 'Do not fear, I will give up every thing, even yourself, rather than make you wretched. He has threatened our union with his curse. Thus I prevent its falling on you, Mildred—I renounce all claim upon you—I will leave Rome to-night.'

Mildred stood white and speechless. A woman, whose lover resigns her, and as if for her own sake, though without consulting her, is placed in a most awkward position.—What can she do? Take him at his word? That is easy to say, but hard to do, when all the hopes and affection are garnered in his love. The Superior saw her painful position, and addressed the gentleman:

'You have forgot to mention, Count Arrezi, that Miss Pemberton will in future receive only the hundred a year that she inherits from her aunt.'

The color came back to Mildred's cheeks and lips; she sought to meet her lover's eye, but it avoided her own. With woman's quick instinct where the feelings are concerned, she saw his motives. With a degree of dignity of which her slight form had scarcely seemed capable, she turned calmly to the Abbess, and said—

'Have I your permission that the count Arrezi will leave us together? It seems to me unnecessary to prolong our last interview.'

The Count approached, and began some hurried sentences of good wishes, devotion, sacrifice of his own happiness, &c.; but she interrupted him almost sternly, 'I have but one favor to ask, which is, that you will leave me and at once.'

Glad to have been released on such easy terms, for he had expected prayers, tears and reproaches, Arrezi instantly obeyed. The door closed after him, and Mildred dropped senseless on the floor. The Abbess called for no assistance, she pitied the agony of the moment too much to let it be observed. She raised the youthful sufferer in her arms, and bathed her face with essence and when Mildred recovered, her head rested on the shoulder of the Superior, who was watching her with the tenderness of a mother. 'These are the trials, my child, which make us turn to heaven. The holy Madonna keep you!' This was her only remark, and Mildred went to her cell.

It was fortunate for her that her health gave way beneath so much excitement—the body sometimes saves the mind. Next day she was too ill to move, and it was weeks before the fever left her. Of all things time can the least be measured by space. Years, or the effect of years had passed over the head of Mildred before she rose from that couch of

sickness. She left there the rose of her cheek, the light of her eye—

'Her lips still wore the sweetness of a smile,  
But not its gaiety.'

The buoyancy of her step, her sweet ringing laugh had gone forever—she had lived past youth and hope. Some one has truly said:

'Tis not the lover which is lost,  
The love for which we grieve,  
It is the price that they have cost,  
The memories which they leave.'

This was the case with Mildred—she despised Arrezi too thoroughly to regret him—she deeply felt how unworthy he was of her deep devoted affection.

Always accustomed to wealth, she did not understand its value; we must want money to really know its worth, and money seemed to her the vilest consideration that could have influence. She thought with astonishment on the duplicity of the Count. Inconstancy she could have forgiven; that would have come within the limits of her poetical experience. She had been capable of any personal sacrifice to secure his happiness, even with a rival; but to be left so unhesitatingly the moment she had no longer the prospect of wealth, showed too plainly what his object had been from the first—all his enthusiasm—all his romance—had been mere acting. She shrank away from a world in which there was so much deceit.

To what could she trust, whose confidence had been so betrayed? Mildred Pemberton had laid down on the pallet of her secluded cell, a girl full of confidence, of the generous impulses, the warm affections of childhood; she rose from it a grave and thoughtful woman. She had ceased to look forward, she wished for nothing but quiet, she hoped—but only in heaven. All the poetry of her imaginative temperament, flung back violently upon herself, served only to strengthen the influence of her new creed. Beloved by all, the earnestness of her devotion, made her thought almost a saint by some; and the sweet, strange accents of the English novice, blending in the hymns of the saintly choir, gave a new fervor to religious exultation. She entered upon the duties of her new state with zeal, and in their performance and the thousand chains of daily habit, sought forgetfulness of the past. Still it was hard to forget her native tongue and her native land. Separated from her father, his harshness was forgotten, and she only remembered the ties that united them.

She had been in the Convent nearly a twelve month, and the time for the final vows was rapidly approaching, when one day to her astonishment she heard an English voice in the garden, and saw the fair face of one of her own countrywoman. She soon became acquainted with Emily Pemberton, and found

that she was her cousin, though from a family disagreement they had never met. Mildred was mistaken in supposing that she was dead to all sense of affection, for her heart warmed at once to her young relative. It was some time before she found courage to speak of the past, and at last she asked about her father.

'He is quite broken by his last illness; pale, emaciated, he is but the shadow of what he was. It is a melancholy thing to see him wander through the dull rooms of the old hall, as if haunted by the memory of those who had once been there.'

This conversation sank deep into Mildred's mind, though at the time she could not trust her voice to answer. Again and again it was renewed; at last, Mildred hazarded the question—

'Do you think my father would see me?'

'I am sure he would,' exclaimed Emily, 'it is only pride that prevents him from seeking you. But should not that be your part? you would not have a parent humble himself to his child.'

Before they parted that evening, it was settled that Mildred should accompany her cousin in home in the following week, whither she was returning under the protection of her brother. The fact was, the moment Sir Henry arrived in England he had sent for his nephew, executed a will in his favor, and was then seized with a violent illness, which, truly had left him an altered man. He remembered his harshness to his wife and child, now they were removed from him. He missed Mildred more than he would have owned even to himself.

Charles, his nephew, saw all this; from the first announcement of his uncle's intentions he had resolved not to profit by them, and the sight of his drooping spirits confirmed him in a plan he had formed. His sister entered into it with all the romance of youth, and off they set to Rome together, and as we have narrated, carried their project into effect.

The next morning Mildred requested an audience of the Abbess, whose kindness to her from the morning Count Arrezi left the parlor, had never known change. She explained to her all her thoughts and feelings; her misery at fancying her father desolate in his old age, and her conviction that she ought to ask his pardon. 'If he reject me, I return to your feet, my mother.'

The Superior for an instant yielded to the weakness of humanity; tears stood in her eyes, and her stately head rested for a moment on Mildred—but the emotion was soon subdued, and the voice was almost as steady as usual, when she said—

'Go, my beloved child; your duty to your sick and solitary parent is paramount to any other; in fulfilling that, you will best fulfil

your duty to God. Go—but if the world again repeat its bitter lessons, and you shrink from a burden too heavy to bear, remember, while I live you have a home in the Convent della Trinità.

Mildred bathed the hand pressed to hers with her tears; they were the truest thanks.

A week more saw the cousins on the road to England, which they traversed with all possible rapidity: and with a throbbing heart Mildred found herself in the Park which she had quitted so many months ago, and yet it seemed like yesterday, for not a sign of change appeared. The sun was sinking over the avenue of old oaks; the lake was reddening with the glow, the long shadows rested on the grass, while in the distance they mingled in undefined obscurity. The deer were gathered together beneath the trees, and a large dog rose bush was in full luxuriance of its faint and fragile flower.

Charles Pemberton and his sister went forward to prepare Sir Henry, but after a few moments Mildred's anxiety became uncontrollable. Gradually she approached the house; she ascended the terrace, and once there, thought that she might safely enter. There was a little room which opened upon it—it had once been her own favorite chamber, for it contained a picture of her mother with herself, then a little creature of two years old, in her hand. As she approached she heard voices, but the turn in the wall, for it was a corner room, completely concealed her. She stood, not daring to breathe, amid the long tendrils of the honey-suckle. She could not be mistaken—it was her father's voice, and she heard him say, 'Charles, I own my weakness—I do now pine to see my child.'

The next moment Mildred was at his feet. She found him much changed; illness had subdued his iron strength. He was lonely and dependant, and he now acknowledged the need of that affection which hitherto he had repelled. He soon could scarcely bear his daughter out of his sight, and she watched his every look. Sir Henry almost confined to the house, driven about in a pony-chaise, was a happier man than he had ever been.

One only subject of anxiety remained—he had openly made his nephew his heir, and he now saw the prior claim of his own child. They were gathered one summer evening in the little parlor, which still continued their favorite room, when Sir Henry introduced the subject. 'It does not need,' exclaimed the cousins in a breath.

But Charles had yet more to say; he told Mildred that he loved her, and implored her father to give her hand, as of far more value than all the wealth that he could bequeath.—Mildred allowed her hand to rest in his; but even the lover could draw no encouragement from the action. She was calm, but very

pale—and her kindness was only kindness. 'Charles,' said she, looking on him with the gentle affection of a sister, 'I have loved once—however unworthily, I can never love again. I returned not to the world, but to my home—I am God's and my father's.'

Charles gazed earnestly on the sweet eyes that sank not beneath his own. He saw that hope was out of the question, and pressing the hand which he relinquished, would have left the room; but detaining him she turned to her father and said, 'He is my brother, is he not?'

'It shall be as you wish, Mildred,' replied Sir Henry, 'though I had hoped otherwise.'

Charles soon after left them for a gay season in London, where he formed an attachment to the beautiful but portionless orphan of an officer who had been killed in the Peninsula; it was Mildred who reconciled Sir Henry to the match. The young couple took up their residence at Pemberton House, and Mildred was to them as a sister.

At Sir Henry's death it was found that he had bequeathed his whole property to his nephew, with only a sufficient annuity to his daughter, and a little cottage which she had built in the park. This was close to her cousins, without the strict retirement in which she lived being any check upon them. She never married, but passed her life in acts of kindness. Her place was by the sick bed or with the afflicted—the soother in every sorrow, the friend in every trouble. The children who were fast growing up in the old Hall, adored her, and when, in after days, they passed her portrait in the gallery, it was with the same remark:

'If ever there was an angel on earth, it was my cousin Mildred.'

## BIOGRAPHY.

From the Lady's Book.

### Mrs. Sigourney.

It is a difficult and delicate task, to sketch the biography of the living; particularly so, when the portrait is to be drawn for a personal and esteemed friend. But in the present instance there is little reason to fear. The talents and merits of Mrs. Sigourney are universally felt and acknowledged. She has nobly won her high place in the literature of our country.

Lydia Huntley was born in Norwich, Connecticut. She was the only child of her parents, and consequently was brought up with great tenderness. Her parentage was in that happy mediocrity which requires industry, yet encourages hope; and the habits of order and diligence, in which she was carefully trained by her judicious mother, have no doubt been of inestimable advantage to the intellectual character of the daughter.

She early exhibited indications of genius. Perhaps the loneliness of her lot, without brother or sister to share in the usual sports of childhood, had an influence on her pursuits and pleasures. We are by no means in favor of establishing priority of intellect, as the standard of real genius. Still it is true; that many distinguished persons have been marked in childhood as extraordinary;—the opening blossom has given forth the sweet odor which the rich fruit, like that of the Mangostan, embodies in its delicious perfection. At eight years of age, the little Lydia was a scribbler of rhymes—like Pope, 'lispings in numbers.' Her first work was published in 1815. It was a small volume, entitled 'Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose and Verse.' Before this, however, she had fortunately met with a judicious and most generous patron. To Daniel Wadsworth, Esq. of Hartford, belongs the tribute of praise, which is due for drawing such a mind from the obscurity where it had remained 'afar from the untasted sunbeam.'

In 1819, Miss Huntley was united in marriage with Charles Sigourney, a respectable merchant of Hartford. He was a gentleman of cultivated taste and good literary attainments. From that period Mrs. Sigourney has devoted the leisure which the wife of a man of wealth may generally command, to literary pursuits. And her improvement has been rapid and great. Her published works are 'Traits of the Aborigines,' a poem written in blank verse; 'Connecticut Forty Years Since,' a prose volume, principally of traditional description: three volumes of 'Poems:—Sketches,' an interesting volume, chiefly written for the annuals—'Letters to Young Ladies,' an excellent work; and a number of books for children and youth. In all these works, varied as they are in style and subject, one purpose is recognized as the governing motive—the purpose of doing good. In her prose writings this zeal of heart is the great charm. She always describes nature with a lover's feelings of its beauties, and with much delicacy and taste: still we think her talent for description is more graceful and at home, as it were, in the measured lines of her poetry than in her best prose. Her genius seems to brighten in the muses' smile, and she can command by that spell, as Prospero could with his staff, the attendance of the 'delicate spirits' of Fancy, which like Ariel, bring

'Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.' and those 'solemn breathing strains' that move conscience to its repentant work, or lift the trusting, contrite soul to heaven. 'Oh God! who can describe Niagara' exclaimed Mrs. Butler, in the agony of her admiration.

Mrs. Sigourney has described it and wor-



thily too; and this single poem would be sufficient, had she written no more, to establish her fame as a poet. It does more and better, it stamps her as the devoted Christian; for except faith in the dread Invisible had sustained her genius, and trust in the Saviour had kept warm the fount of sympathy in her heart, she could not have surrounded a theme so awful, strange, and lonely, with such images of beauty and hope. True it is that female poetic writers owe their happiest efforts to religious feeling. Devotion seems to endow them with the martyr's glowing fervency of spirit. In the actual world the path of woman is very circumscribed, but in that 'better land' her imagination may range with the freedom of an angel's wing. And there it is that the genius of Mrs. Sigourney delights to expatiate. And this constant uplifting of her spirit has given a peculiar cast to her language and style; rendering the stately and solemn blank verse measure the readiest vehicle of her feelings and fancies. She has a wonderful command of words, and the fetters of rhyme check the free expression of her thoughts. She is also endowed with a fine perception of the harmonious and appropriate, and hence the smooth flow of the lines, and the perfect adaptation of the language to the subject. These qualities eminently fit her to be the eulogist of departed worth, and incline her to elegiac poetry. To her tender feelings and naturally contemplative mind, every knell that summons the mourner to weep awakens her sympathy; and the dirge flows, as would tears, to comfort the bereaved, were she beside them.

Nor is the death song of necessity melancholy. Many of hers sound the notes of holy triumph, and awaken the brightest anticipations of felicity—ay,

'Teach us of the melody of heaven.'

She 'leaves not the trophy of death at the tomb,' but shows us the 'Resurrection and the Life.' Thus she elevates the hopes of the Christian, and chastens the thoughts of the worldly-minded. This is her mission, the true purpose of her heaven-endowed mind; for the inspirations of genius are from heaven, and when not perverted by a corrupt will, rise upward as naturally as the morning dew on the flower is exhaled to the skies. The genius of Mrs. Sigourney, like the 'imperial Passion Flower' has always been

'Consecrate to Salem's peaceful king—  
Though fair as any gracing beauty's bower,  
Yet linked to sorrow like a holy thing.'

It is this sadness which shows her strains to be of earth—their purity and serene loveliness are angelic. If there be a want felt in reading her effusions, it is that of fervency. The light is brilliant and pure, but it does not kindle into flame. Her 'truths' need to be more 'impassioned,' to produce their

greatest effect. Yet this deficiency arises from that delicacy of taste, which makes her fear to pour forth the full gush of her feelings. And it is very seldom that a woman can or will do this. Hence much of the monotony and mediocrity of their poetry.

We must not omit to record that Mrs. Sigourney is, in private life an example to her sex, as well as their admiration in her literary career. She is a good wife and devoted mother; she has two children, a daughter and son, whom she has hitherto educated entirely herself. And in all domestic knowledge, and the scrupulous performance of her household duties, she shows as ready acquaintance and as much skill as though these only formed her pursuits. Her literary studies are her recreations—surely as rational a mode of occupying the leisure of a lady, as the morning call of the evening party.

EDITOR.

### MISCELLANY.

From the Mother's Magazine.

#### The Elder Sister.

'Who is that graceful young lady, with the two little girls tripping on each side of her, my dear Mrs. Grey,' said an elderly female to her companion, as they were walking up High st.—Mrs. Grey looked at the beautiful girl as she smilingly nodded in passing, and replied, 'that is the eldest daughter of my dear friend, Mrs. Cleveland. She is one of the most interesting females in the city, and I am often at a loss which to admire most, the judicious manner in which my friend has brought up her eldest daughter, or the excellent principles which regulate the minutest part of Julia's conduct. She has been taught ever since a little girl, to regard her younger brothers and sisters as the subjects of her peculiar and unvarying care. As she has advanced to womanhood, it has become more and more conspicuous, and she is now the most watchful, disinterested being I know.'

Her happiness consists in making others happy, particularly her own family. She is always ready to perform for her brothers and sisters, those little offices of love their tender age requires. She attends them when they rise in the morning, dresses them neatly, and never omits attention to their private devotions. When the bell summons them to morning prayer, many a little footfall may be heard following her to the dining room, where solemnity and decorum mark their behavior. At table, 'sister Julia,' has many a little pinafore to adjust, and when the hour of school arrives, every satchel is ready for their plump little hands to grasp the strings.

She attends to their lessons, mends their clothes, reconciles all their little differences,

walks with them, plays with them, sings for them, and is the source and center of all their enjoyments. Whatever this good girl can do, either for their comfort or improvement, is to her well regulated mind, a source of unalloyed pleasure. Mr. Cleveland, unlike many others I know, taught Julia from her childhood to subdue her selfishness, and to consider most the comfort and advantage of her brothers and sisters. She was never permitted to assume that haughty air which renders so many elder sisters disgusting. She was never allowed to claim or receive undue indulgence on that account, and no favors were bestowed on her, because of her station in the family. On the contrary, she was taught, that whenever it became necessary for one to yield, she would conquer by yielding, and win by kindness, where she might provoke and irritate by contending.

As she grew up she practiced the most disinterested generosity, and when first impressed by religious truth, one of the most affecting considerations that presented itself to her mind was 'I am the eldest sister.' What has the Lord a right to expect from me?—What do my brothers and sisters expect?—She told me one day, when conversing with her on religious subjects, that there was nothing which more deeply weighed upon her heart, than the responsible situation in which Providence had placed her in her own family. 'To me,' said the sweet girl, with tears in her eyes, 'my dear parents look, to strengthen their hands in the government of our domestic world, to enforce their precepts, to exhibit in my example what the younger ones should practice, and to aid in every way in training up a family for the service of God on earth. With my father and mother I stand connected by every endearing tie, as the representative of my family, and I know I can do much to aid, or much to defeat them in all their plans for family usefulness, and personal holiness. To me, my little darlings look for consistent example, a correct tone of sentiment, purity of conversation, and that life of religion which Christianity requires. Sometimes I am so overwhelmed with a sense of my responsibility, that I tremble at every step I take, and my daily prayer to my heavenly father is, 'for grace to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith I am called.'

Such was the language of Julia Cleveland, when nineteen years old, and her daily life bears testimony to the sincerity of her desires. She is constantly aiming at the high standard she has set before her, and every day develops a growing conformity to it. It is not the mere expression of the lips with Julia, it is a deep conviction of her duty which constantly influences all her actions. Blessed is the mother who has such a child!

and blessed is the family where such an elder sister dwells. She resembles some guardian angel ever hovering over the objects of her tenderest love, and gently expanding her protecting wing to shield them from the impending danger.

Mrs. Grey had been so animated in portraying the character of Julia Cleveland, that she had not noticed the agitation which had affected her friend, and which now increased so violently that she abruptly stopped and inquired the cause.

'Oh, my dear friend,' she replied, 'the account you give me of this sweet young lady plants daggers in my soul. My eldest daughter, Emily, might have been all this to me, but, alas! she is now reaping the bitter fruits of what my own hands so abundantly sowed in her childhood, and I am enduring the reproaches of conscience, armed by myself with ten thousand stings!' Here Mrs. Grey's friend burst into tears, and the gush of feelings, long struggled with, gave relief to her sorrowing heart. When a little composed, she continued, 'You know that Emily was my oldest daughter. From childhood she was arrogant and self-willed; always contending that her station as the eldest sister entitled her to more indulgence, than the younger children. She insisted upon her brothers and sisters serving her; when favors were to be shared by the little group, she claimed the first and the best. As she grew up, she became selfish, proud, and unamiable. For a long time my blind partiality never discerned the dreadful consequences of my own foolish indulgence, and her faults grew with her growth and strengthened with her strength.' Disputes and quarrels became common among my little ones, and when I reproved them, they would all reply, 'Oh, mamma, sister Emily did this, and you never found fault! These replies opened my eyes completely to my folly. I reasoned, I expostulated with my oldest daughter, but alas, it was too late. The usual reply I received was, 'I am oldest, it is my right, and I will have it so.' Alas! my family soon presented a scene of discord and confusion, which, with all my efforts, I was unable to control. It is now but a few days since my poor misguided girl eloped with a profligate young man, and in her eighteenth year has commenced a career which will terminate in misery unless Almighty grace interposes for her rescue.'

Here the distressed mother was obliged to pause. Sighs and sobs, too bitter to be suppressed, almost overwhelmed her. Her sympathizing friend, Mrs. Grey, hastened forward to her dwelling, and when she had seated the afflicted mother upon the sofa, she mentally exclaimed, 'How much is in the power of the elder sister!'

\* Mothers, look at the contrast! Have you in your own peaceful dwellings no portraits which resemble these? Examine the likeness, and however unskilful the artist may have been in portraying the features, you may perhaps trace some resemblance which may rouse your apprehensions lest an Emily should be your child, and you may become the sad and sorrowful parent, over whose simple tale your sympathy has just wept. Mothers, who have in your eldest daughter a Julia, watch well the tender child! pray earnestly that she may be all, yea more than all here described; for much, very much, depends upon the influence of the elder sister.

From the American Monthly Magazine.

### Anecdotes of Duelling.

LOED BRUDENELL, son of the Earl of Cardigan, ran away with a married lady who was divorced, and he married her, and she is now lady Brudenell. But his Lordship, after the first escapade, was somewhat surprised that he did not receive a challenge from the injured husband, and he was so anxious to make reparation that he at last wrote to offer it. His note was worded as follows:—'Sir: Having done you the greatest injury that one man can do another, I think it incumbent upon me to offer you the satisfaction which one gentleman owes to another in such circumstances.' The reply was this:—'My Lord, in taking off my hands a woman who has proved herself a wretch, you have done me the greatest favor that one man can do another: and I think it incumbent upon me to offer the acknowledgments which one man owes to another in such circumstances.' This man took a cold blooded view of the case but he was right; revenge in such a case is no reparation; and the unworthiness of the cause must completely neutralize the relish.

The once notorious Baron Von Hoffman challenged a man for not inviting him to dinner, a cause not likely to be avowed but certainly the real one. The Baron had lost a trunk in the river with all his letters of introduction and consequently till more came his standing was not well ascertained. Some persons received him others denounced him; but this latter class the Baron, if he could get at them, was always ready to fight. He knew very well that the ratio ultima regum, the logic of kings was also the best logic for impostors; and if any thought his credentials were short weight he was ready to throw his pistol into the scale. In the case in question Mr. J——R——whom the Baron met in a certain set where he had access, was famous for his good dinners, from which the Baron was always left out. Weary of this, he

called one day on Mr. R. and spread his credentials such as they were, before him, by way of removing suspicions which, he said he had heard R——had expressed, and against which he made a labored argument. He left his papers and desired they might be returned with a note expressive of the impression they produced, but R——returned them in a blank envelope. The baron thereupon sent a challenge, which was left at the door as if it was an invitation to dinner. Mrs. R——opened it and immediately replied to it as follows: 'Sir—Your note is received. My husband will not have any thing to do with you under any circumstances; but whenever you produce official proof that you have been aid-de-camp to Prince Blucher as you say, I will fight a duel with you myself.'

\* MARY R——.

One story suggests another, and to stories about duels there is no end. We will make an end of telling them, however, with one from Boston, where, we are told there is a correspondence going on still, which began ten years ago with a challenge. Mr. A. a bachelor challenged Mr. B. a married man with one child, who replied that the conditions were not equal, that he must necessarily put more at risk with his life than the other, and he declined. A year afterwards he received another challenge from Mr. A. who stated that he too had now a wife and child and the objection of Mr. B. was no longer valid. Mr. B. replied that he now had two children consequently the inequality still subsisted. The next year Mr. A. renewed his challenge, having now two children also, but his adversary had three. This matter when last heard from was still going on, the number six to seven and the challenge yearly renewed.

### Retrenchment.

'A PATCH ON your elbow, Tom, as I live, and here's another on your vest. Why Tom, that's premeditated poverty.'

'Better wear a patched garment than owe for a new one.'

'Bless us! when did you turn economist? Poor Richard has come to life again!'

'I have been in debt to my tailor, to my boot-maker, to my hatter, and to my landlady long enough, and now I am going to get out of debt. It is a dog's life to live. I have been the fool to go beyond my income ever since I was 21; but retrenchment and reform is now my motto.'

'Yes, but you can retrench and reform without having darned elbows, and wearing a rusty hat.'

'Not fast enough. I am determined no longer to wear fine clothes at other people's expense. I will earn them and pay for them before I wear them. We are very fond of



putting on airs of gentility, and of boasting of independence, and spirit, and all that: but it is a very mean kind of gentility, and a very poor independence that will let a man strut up Market-street with a fine coat on, for which he owes, and is unable to pay his poor tailor, who sadly wants the cost of it to buy provisions for his family.'

'And how long, Tom, since you turned moralist, or methodist, which ever you please.'

'Ever since I have resolved to be a gentleman in heart.'

'Explain yourself.'

'Simply—No man is a gentleman who wilfully withholds from another his rights.—If I contract a debt, knowing at the sametime my wilful inability to discharge it, I act in every sense of the word ungentlemanly. In fact, I pawn my honor, with but little chance of redeeming it. I may strut about—and sport with my rattle—and talk light nonsense to silly ladies, but still I am a dishonorable man, and so are all who thus act.'

'You assert boldly.'

'And truly do I not?'

'Your doctrine is new and strange.'

'And true as strange. That you will admit.'

'Yes, in sorrow and shame I confess it. I am now tricked out in a splendid suit as you see. Well, I now owe my tailor \$150, and truly I have but little chance of paying. But I am covered with confusion at the sight of my folly and crime—for such cheating (I can call it nothing else) is a dark crime. I will be, what I have not yet been, though I never before suspected the fact, a gentleman: I will buy no more fine clothes until all I now have are paid for. And hereafter I will wear my old clothes until I am able to buy new ones—and them for cash!'

'A good resolution, my friend. Pray heaven you may stick to it.'—*Athenæum*.

### A Revolutionary Hero.

A FACT.

THE 4th of July 18—was celebrated in the usual manner with civic and military rejoicings, in one of the most considerable towns in eastern Pennsylvania. In the evening of the day a public festival was held within a beautiful grove at the suburbs of the town. The committee of arrangement, by request of the orator appointed for the occasion, Mr. —, collected all the revolutionary veterans they could find within the compass of several miles, and arranged them with fine effect on either side of the chair of the president. Every thing went off charmingly—the dinner was excellent, the wine was delicious—the music was soul stirring, and the toasts patriotic. After the declaration of Independence was read, Mr. B—arose and address-

ed the meeting in a strain of eloquence which called forth heartfelt and rapturous bursts of applause. He dwelt pathetically on the hardships and privations of that little band of heroes who fought by the side of our beloved Washington, through all that memorable struggle which ended in the glorious achievement of our liberties. In the midst of his discourse he turned round to the old veterans, whose moistened eye, showed how well the chord that awoke in their recollections the thrilling deeds of by-gone days had been touched, he suddenly questioned a silver headed septuagenarian:

'What battle my old friend have you fought in, wont you tell us?'

'I crossed the Brandywine with Washington; fought at Yorktown and saw the surrender of Cornwallis.'

'And you,' continued the orator.

'I was at Saratoga; and I tell you it did our hearts good to see the red coats march by us with their furled banners and reversed arms—fine looking fellows they were too.'

'And you?'

'I was with General Green through all his southern campaign, and I fought with him in every battle.'

'And you, where were your laurels won?'

'On the sea,' answered the weather beaten old tar. 'I was with Barry, when he taught the proud Britons that we were as invincible on the ocean as on the land.'

The cheering was tremendous.

The orator went on. 'And you, tell us where your honored garlands were earned? speak old father upon what field of blood did you behold victory perched upon our flag?'

'Vy, by Jo, I vash at Trenton.'

'Under Washington, gallant soldier, under Washington!'

'O, ya, I vach oonder Voshington, alsven soorrendered—'

'Surrendered!—what do you mean my old hero?' Surrendered!'

'Vy ya, Meinheer! he be sure 've soorrendered oonder Shenderal Voshington; I vash one of de Hessians!'

Imagine, reader, the surprise of the audience, the momentary suspense and the deafening roar of laughter and plaudits that followed.

SCOTT'S IDEA OF WHAT IS 'VULGAR.'—Lockhart relates an anecdote of a rebuke once given by Walter Scott, in his hearing to his daughter Anna. She happened to say of something that she could not abide it—it was vulgar. 'My love' said her father, 'you speak like a very young lady; do you know, after all, the meaning of this word *vulgar*? 'Tis only common. Nothing that is common except wickedness, can deserve to be spoken of in a tone of contempt; and when you have

lived to my years you will be disposed to agree with me in thanking God that nothing really worth having or caring about in this world is uncommon.'

### Quaker Courtship.

'Hum! yea and verily, Penelope, the spirit urgeth and moveth me wondrously to beseech thee to cleave unto me, and become flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone.'

'Hum! truly, Obadiah thou hast said wisely and inasmuch as it is written that it is not good for man to be alone, lo and behold I will sojourn with thee—hum!'—*Western Banner*.

A GENTLEMAN who was not overstocked with intellect, while reading the doings of the State Legislature, remarked that he 'should not much like to be appointed a *standing* Committee man.' 'Why?' inquired another. 'Because,' said he, 'I had much rather sit than stand; and who would want to *stand up* during all the session of our legislature! conscience, I wouldn't!'

'If I where so unlucky,' said an officer, 'as to have a stupid son, I would certainly, by all means, make him a parson.' A clergyman, who was in the company, calmly replied, 'you think differently, sir, from your father.'

### Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

A. B. Pittsfield, Ms. \$1.00; S. A. L. Livingston, \$1.00; O. & S. Goshen, N. Y. \$2.00; L. D. W. Perkinsville, Vt. \$5.00; J. H. Jr. New-York, \$1.00; A. McAl. Greenport, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Alexander, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cobleskill Center, N. Y. \$1.00; E. G. F. Schenectady, N. Y. \$2.00; C. M. Waterloo, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Gansevoort, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. North White Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; C. B. Whitney's Valley, N. Y. \$1.00; E. T. O. North Almond, N. Y. \$1.00; G. C. Brattleborough, Vt. \$5.00; D. B. L. Newark, N. Y. \$10.00; W. P. Pratt's Hollow, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. Plainfield, Ms. \$5.00; J. F. T. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; A. W. Colebrook River, Ct. \$1.00; J. C. Lee, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Stuyvesant Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; C. E. Salisbury, N. Y. \$1.00; R. W. L. Niles, Mich. \$0.75; A. A. E. Shelby, N. Y. \$5.00; W. B. T. Gill, Ms. \$5.00; E. M. Hamilton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Buskirk's Bridge, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Sharon, Ct. \$1.25; E. V. D. West Becket, Ms. \$1.00; S. L. Tivoli, N. Y. \$1.00; O. R. B. Pittsfield, Ms. \$6.00; W. H. Racket River, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Washington Ct. \$3.00; W. P. H. Oswego, N. Y. \$5.00; J. G. East Randolph, \$1.00; F. B. Union Ellery, \$1.00; F. M. P. Porter's Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Tomhannock, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. Cairo N. Y. \$1.00; C. C. N. Moscow, N. Y. \$5.00; L. L. S. Branford, Ct. \$4.00; P. M. Duanesburgh, N. Y. \$3.00; G. E. H. Wilmington, O. \$10.00; G. G. D. Madrid, N. Y. \$1.00; A. S. Townsendville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. N. East Bloomfield, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Edwards, N. Y. \$1.00; R. R. Mount Vision, N. Y. \$1.00; H. P. Morrisville, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. New Paltz, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Madison, O. \$3.00; S. R. Athens, N. Y. \$1.00; E. M. G. Little Falls, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Canterbury, N. Y. \$1.00.

### MARRIED.

In this city, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. John I. Gibbs, Mr. Edward G. Baldwin, to Miss Julia Ann Norman, both of Valatie.

### DIED.

In this city, on the 4th inst. Mr. George M. Harder, in the 88th year of his age.  
On Thursday morning, the 12th inst. Mrs. Delia, wife of Mr. Joshua T. Waterman, aged 37 years.  
On the 7th inst. Mr. Francis Perkins, in his 40th year.  
On the 8th inst. Miss Sarah Noyes, in her 29th year.  
On the 9th inst. Mrs. Seelia Morrison, in her 36th year.  
On the 15th inst. Mary P. Barnard, daughter of Timothy and Mary Barnard, in her 12th year.  
On the 3d inst. at Greenport, Miss Mary Ann Henderson, in her 20th year.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

**The Forsaken One.**

Oh! woman's love's a holy light,  
And when 'tis kindled ne'er can die;  
It lives—though *treachery* and *slight*  
To quench the constant flame may try.

Oh! name him not, unless it be  
In terms I shall not blush to hear;  
Oh! name him not, though false to me,  
Forget not he was once so dear.

Oh! think of happy days  
When none could breathe a dearer name;  
And if you can no longer praise  
Be silent, and forbear to blame.

He *may* be all that you have heard,  
If proved 'twere folly to defend;  
Yet pause ere you believe one word  
Against the honor of a friend.

How many run in haste to tell  
What friends can never wish to know?  
I answer—*once* I knew him well;  
And *then*, at least; it was not so.

You say when all condemn him thus,  
To praise him leads to disrepute;  
But had the world thus censured us,  
Sister! he would not have been mute.

He may be changed, and he may learn  
To slander friends as others do;  
But if we blame him, we in turn  
Have learnt that hateful lesson too.

Desertion of myself, his worst,  
His *only* crime, perhaps may prove,  
Shall he of all men be the *first*  
Condemned for being false in love?

The world has never yet denied  
Its favor to the falsest heart;  
Its sanction rather seems to guide  
The hand again to aim the dart.

You hate him, father, for you know  
That he was cruel to your child,  
Alas! I strove to *hide* my woe.  
And when you looked on me, I smiled.

But on my faded cheek appears  
An evidence of all I've felt;  
I prayed for strength, but falling tears  
Betrayed my weakness as I knelt.

Oh! hate him not; he must have seen  
Some error, that was never meant;  
And love you know, hath ever been  
Prone to complain, and to resent.

Hate him not, sister, nor believe  
Imputed crimes till they are *proved*;  
And *proof* should rather make us grieve  
For one who once was so beloved.

**Let us love one another.**

LET US love one another—not long may we stay;  
In this bleak world of mourning some droop while  
'tis day,  
Others fade in their noon and few linger till eve;—  
Oh! there breaks not a heart but leaves some one to  
grieve.

And the fondest, the purest, the truest that met,  
Have still found the need to forgive and forget;  
Then, oh! tho' the hopes that we nourished decay,  
Let us love one another as long as we stay.

There are hearts like the ivy tho' all be decayed,  
That it seemed to twine fondly in sunlight and shade;  
No leaves droop in sadness, still gaily they spread,  
Undimmed 'midst the blighted the lonely and dead;  
But the misletoe clings to the oak not in part,  
But with leaves closely round it—the root in its  
heart;

Exists but to twine it—imbibe the same dew,  
Or to fall with its loved oak and perish there too.

Thus, let's love one another midst sorrows the worst,  
Unaltered and fond, as we loved at the first,  
Tho' the false wing of pleasure may change and  
forsake,

And the bright urn of wealth into particles break;  
There are some sweet affections that wealth cannot  
buy,  
That cling but still closer when sorrow draws nigh  
And remain with us yet tho' all else pass away;  
Thus, let's love one another as long as we stay.

**The Sister.**

Yes, dear one, of the envied train,  
Of those around, thy homage pay!

But wilt thou never kindly deign  
To think of him that's far away?

Thy form, thine eye, thine angel smile,  
For many months I may not see!

But wilt thou not, sometimes the while,  
My sister dear, remember me?

But not in fashion's brilliant hall,  
Surrounded by the gay and fair,  
And thou the fairest of them all—  
Oh, think not, think not of me there!

But when the thoughtless crowd is gone,  
And hushed the voice of senseless glee,  
And all is silent, still and lone,  
And thou art sad, remember me.

Remember me—but, loveliest, ne'er,  
When in the orbit fair and high,  
The morning's glowing charioteer  
Rides proudly up the blushing sky  
But when the waning moon-beam sleeps  
At moon-light on that lonely lea,  
And nature's pensive spirit weeps  
In all her dews, remember me.

Remember me, I pray—but not  
In Flora's gay and blooming hour,  
When every brake hath found its note,  
And sunshine smiles in every flower;  
But when the falling leaf is scar,  
And withers sadly from the tree,  
And o'er the ruins of the year,  
Cold Autumn weeps, remember me.

Remember me—but choose not, dear,  
The hour when on the gentle lake  
The sportive wavelets, blue and clear,  
Soft rippling, to the margin break;  
But when the deafening billows foam  
In sadness o'er the pathless sea,  
Then let thy pilgrim fancy roam  
Across them and remember me.

Remember me—but not to join  
If haply some thy friends should praise;  
'Tis far too dear, that voice of thine  
To echo what the stranger says.  
They know us not—but should'st thou meet  
Some faithful friend of me and thee,  
Softly sometimes to her repeat  
My name and then remember me;

Remember me—not, I entreat,  
In scenes of festal week-day joy,  
For then it were not kind to meet,  
The thought thy pleasure would alloy;  
But on the sacred solemn day,  
And, dearest, on thy bended knee,  
When thou for those thou lovest does pray,  
Sweet spirit, then remember me.

Remember me—but not as I  
On thee for ever, ever dwell  
With anxious heart and drooping eye,  
And doubts, 'twould grieve thee should I tell;  
But in thy calm unclouded heart,  
Where dark and gloomy visions, flee,  
Oh, there, my sister, be my part,  
And kindly there remember me.

From the Mother's Magazine.

**It is not hard to Die.**

'Oh mother, say, must we all die?  
You, sister, dear papa and I?  
I do not like to think I shall  
Lie in the deep, dark grave, so still.  
Mother, I'm fond of life and play,  
And like not to be borne away,  
From the green fields and pleasant light,  
To lie where it is always night.'

'Come hither, child, and thou shalt place  
Within the earth, in yonder vase,  
This grain.'

'Oh, it is smooth and round!  
Mother, put not in the ground  
This pretty grain.'

'Do it, my love:  
For by this seed I wish to prove,  
That it is not so *hard* to die,  
And in the deep dark grave to lie.'

\* \* \* \* \*  
'How sweet a fragrance fills the room!  
Mother, your flowers are now in bloom;  
And oh! how beautiful they seem  
While standing in the bright sunbeam!  
Mother, I'm glad you made me place  
That smooth round seed within the vase;  
For more delighted now, I see  
The blossoms on this pretty tree,  
Which from the buried seed has sprung.'

'Tis thus, my love with children young,  
And loved of God: their bodies die,  
And, like that grain, in earth must lie.  
But, like this flower, from thence shall rise,  
A form of beauty in the skies—  
Which quickly springing from the tomb,  
In Paradise shall ever bloom.'

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